

Waiting for the World

The Angels

Barefooted could've beens, playing snakes and ladders
climbing up the gravel walk
welcome them inside and you watch their words collide
as they try to talk
show them the doors to the cold star chamber
they say "after you"
then they all take turns waving flags, playing mastermind
held by a thumbscrew

That's you, yeah you, ah that's you
waiting for the world to come to you

Spare me the dose of your reneoed wisdom that you think is new
'cos good all time's making monkeys out of small time flunkies
like you

That's you, yeah you, ah that's you
waiting for the world, waiting for the world to come to you.